11631 h.60

THE RIVAL LAPDOG AND THE TALE,

(As Ladys Fancys never fail;)
That Little Rival to the Great:
So odd, indeed, we ſcarce dare ſay't.

——————— at *Nos*
Impulſu & *cæcâ, pravâque Cupidine* ducti
Conjugium petimus, Partum que Uxoris-- at Illis
Notum, qui pueri, *qualiſque futura ſit* Uxor.
Juv.

LONDON,
Printed for *W. Smith*, at *Corelli's Head*, (a Muſick Shop) againſt *Norfolk-ſtreet*, in the *Strand*; And— *G. Greg*, Bookſeller, next to *Northumberland-Houſe*, at *Charing-Croſs*. 1730.

Price, One Shilling.

THE RIVAL LAP-DOG AND THE TALE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

WHEREAS by a very laudable *Act of Parliament* made (*for veſting the Copies of printed Books in the Authors or Purchaſers of ſuch Copies*) *it is* expreſly *inacted*, "That if any Bookſeller, Printer, or other Perſon whatſoever, ſhall print, reprint or import, or cauſe to be printed, reprinted or imported, any ſuch Book or Books, without the Conſent of the Proprietor or Proprietors thereof firſt had and obtain'd in Writing, ſigned in the Preſence of two or more credible Witneſſes."— Or knowing the ſame to be ſo printed or reprinted, without the Conſent of the Proprietors, ſhall ſell, publiſh or expoſe to Sale, or cauſe to be ſold, publiſh'd or expos'd to Sale, any ſuch Book or Books, without ſuch Conſent firſt had and obtained, as aforeſaid."— "Then *ſuch Offender or Offenders, ſhall forfeit ſuch Book or Books, and all and every Sheet or Sheets, being part of ſuch Book or Books, to the Proprietor or the Proprietors of the Copy thereof*; who ſhall forthwith damask and make waſte Paper of them."— *And further*, that "*every ſuch Offender or Offenders, ſhall forfeit One Penny for every Sheet which ſhall be found in his, her or their Cuſtody, either printed or printing, publiſhed or expoſed to Sale*, contrary to the true Intent and Meaning of this Act— *The one Moiety* thereof to the Crown, and *the other Moiety* thereof to any Perſon or Perſons that ſhall ſue for the ſame.

Yet notwithſtanding this ſo juſt and generous Proviſion for the ſecuring of Copies to Proprietors, the Author ha's been amply inform'd of *a Sort of underhand Trade* amongſt evil diſpos'd Perſons, (whi-

ther Bookſellers, Printers, or their Journeymen, (when they can hire Preſſes) or others) *frequently to filch and re-print the ſaid Copies, when*, upon the Publication of 'em, *the Author's or Proprietors Name or Names be conceal'd*: And afterwards, clandeſtinely to diſpoſe of ſuch reprinted Copies ſo ſurreptitiouſly obtain'd, (eſpecially when but of ſmall Bulk and low Prices, by Hawkers about the Streets, or otherwiſe,) *to the great Damage of ſuch Proprietor or Proprietors*, as well as *to the manifeſt Detriment of ſuch Bookſeller, Pamphleteer, or other Shopkeeper and ſettled Inhabitant or Inhabitants, where ſuch Book or Books are*, (*or may be*) by the Proprietor or Proprietors, *appointed to be fairly ſold.*

And *Whereas* it may (and often doe's) happen, (notwithſtanding the ſaid Acts being ſo much in favour of Authors and Proprietors) that *the preſent Circumſtances of Authors or Proprietors may incapacitate them to proſecute* ſuch Offenders againſt the ſaid Act, *with any valuable Succeſs to themſelves, be they ever ſo much injur'd by ſuch clandeſtine, fraudulent and illegal Practices*; (As we may reaſonably ſuppoſe to have been *the Caſe of Mr. Butler*, the bright Author of that ſo celebrated Poem *Hudibras*, if we but peruſe the Account of his Works and Circumſtances, plac'd before the later Editions of that Poem;) *as well as the Caſe of many more* (no ill Authors, whither in Proſe or otherwiſe) *ſince his Time*; *and* (according to late Information) *of ſeveral ſince* the above-ſaid Act has been in force, *from ſecret Combinations of money'd Men*, and Dealers, *to engroſs* to *Themſelves* the Benefit of *Copies of unknown* (or other) *Authors*, when They

can't

can't have a Share in the Profits thereon to their own Satisfaction; *by cribbing from*, and *otherwise diſguiſing the original Copy.*

Therefore it is that *the Author hereof* thinks himſelf oblig'd to have recourſe to *yet more and more rigid* Acts of Parliament, *for ſecuring his Property in this*, and *ſeveral other Copies* (he ha's by him, ready for the Preſs;) and to ſuch *as will make the Offenders feel the Force of inſulted Laws*, by rend'ring *their Crime Capital* if They *then ſhall dare to offend* againſt *Acts of Parliament*, (*to Them ſo dangerouſly ſtrong and plain*;) and *ſuch* as muſt *inevitably convict 'em of Forgery*, *and* flat *Felony*, *without Benefit of the Clergy*. (Forgery of Seals or Signs Manual, being Felony adjug'd in all Ages.)

Whence it is, that he has determin'd to have *every Book* that he may publiſh to the World, (on whatever Subject, and in whatever Form it may be, *Number'd*, *Sign'd and Seal'd*, *on the Page fronting the Title Page of the ſaid Book* (as often as ever he ſhall find it needful) by ſuch Perſon or Perſons as ſhall be by the Author or his Aſſigns intitl'd to publiſh or to ſell the ſame.

Now tho' this may ſeem, at firſt View, *whimſically ſingular*, yet, upon cooler Thoughts, it may perhaps be found, not only reaſonable, but neceſſary, (not to ſay abſolutely neceſſary) *to ſecure ſuch Copies* to the Author or his Aſſigns, (*without the fruitleſs Inconvenience of Law-Broils*) *in the Caſe above ſuppoſed*, *and hinted on.* For what Good can any Perſon in low Circumſtances get by going to Law with Combinations of money'd Men,

Men, be the Law ever ſo plain in his or her Favour? But however that may be, it is hop'd, that this Expedient will prove effectual *to ſecure Property in the preſent and future Copies:* And if ſo, it muſt as certainly ſtifle all forg'd or ſurreptitious Copies; becauſe *the World will know every Book to be either* fictitious, or fraudulently printed, *that has not the Number, Hand, and Seal, of ſuch Perſon or Perſons, that is, or are* (and ſhall be by publick Advertiſements,) *ſignified to have the Author's or Proprietor's Conſent to publiſh* or *ſell* the ſame, *affixed on the Page fronting the Title Page of the ſaid Book,* (as often as Need ſhall require) *and will as certainly prevent* the Buyers *having Any thing impos'd upon 'em, meaner* than what the Author for the preſent doe's (and hereafter may venture to) throw among 'em.

No. 94.
J. Fox.
20 JY63

The Argument.

FAir Lady's Dog out does the Town,
In Fineries, and all his own;
Becomes the Rival of her Lord,
And is by Lady half ador'd.

How Dogs perplex Affairs of State,
Nay, ſometimes make the Council wait,
And dayly dare inſult the Great;
With humble Scheme for ſome Dogs Downfall
Quickly, *in hopes that good Law won't fail.*

20 JY 63

THE
Little RIVAL to the Great.

(Tho' true— ſo odd:— *we ſcarce dare ſay't.)*

WHAT Monſters Nature does afford!
A Dog a Rival to a Lord!
'T can't be: — It's true, upon my Word.

He was of *antient Stock* indeed,
And of *K–g Charles the Second*'s Breed,
We don't diſpute *his Family*,
We grant it *Cream of Quality*;
We own he was— *as Dog*, complete,
Fine *fed*, fine *bred*, and *very neat*;
Yet, *that a Dog* (of what Degree
Soever any Dog can be,)
Shou'd rival down Nobility,

'S what

'S what ſeems to me as *monſt'rous odd*,
'As *Quare Quia non eſt Quod*,
Did formerly,— when (puzzl'd once
By *learned Cobler*)— I *a Dunce*,
As Thunder-ſtruck, ſtood *in a Maze*,
To find the Meaning of the Phraſe:
'And to this Day that *Emphaſis*,
'And the *Por-Latin-Cobler's* Dreſs,
Half Drunk, and thumping on his Pate,
With Palm of Hand, that eccho'd ſtrait,
Will make me bluſh, and almoſt ſweat;
Tho't happen'd in the Days of Yore,
When *School Boy* paſs'd by th' *Cobler's Door*.
Which then premis'd, now let's begin;
(Not to digreſs e'er we get in.)
This Dog then was of Quality,
A Dog of Dogs for Progeny.
'And here's the Place (ſome hold) to tell
Of's *Ears*, his *Noſe*, his *Feet*, his *Tail*;
If he was *handſome*,— (as he was)
(Or he'd ne'er been ſo fondl'd, *poz*)

Of's

Of's *ſparkling Eyes*; his *Jet-black Hair*,
And his *ſoft Skin*, *pied* here and there;
O'th' *Beauty-Spots* that he had on,
Like *Flakes of Snow*,— or *Wings of Swan*;
Yet ſince *his Beauty*'s ſo well known
To all the *Beau-Mond* of the Town,
At preſent we'll let *that* alone;
In gen'ral only be't obſerv'd,
H' was *young*, was *handſome*, was *belov'd*,
And in *fine Breeding* much improv'd:
Great Ladies and Aſſemblies were
Both his Diverſion and his Care.
Some tell *He* often went to *Court*,
And *there* is fam'd for *Limbs* and *Sport*.
Be that as 'twill, this muſt be ſaid,
It's certain he was *Courtly-bred*;
Court-Company he always kept,
With *Lords* he din'd,— with *Ladies* ſlept;
So *gallant*, and ſuch *cunning Airs*
He'd give himſelf, to *catch the Fair*,
That he cou'd *Ladies win by Pairs*;

And

And cut out all *the Beaus*, as clean,
As with *his Tricks* cure *Ladies-Spleen*;
He Darling was to Lady Fair;
This is him;— (kiſs his A— who dare
A topping Dog, as 'tis well known;
The fineſt too in all the Town;
That guarded *Lady Fair* ſo well,
No *Beau* cou'd whiſper but he'd tell;
And boldly reprimand him for
Such *ſawcy Freedoms* us'd with her;
Her *Tippet*, *Fan*, her *Furbelows*,
Her *Lappets*, or elſe with her *Cloaths*:
For you muſt know, *tho' ſmall*, yet h
A Dragon was on Lady's Knee;
And yet brought up *ſo delicate*,
You'll ſoon conclude him *Dog of Stat*
For he with fineſt *Fowl* and *Bread*,
With *ſugar'd Milk*, and *Sops* was fed,
With *richeſt Soups*, and *Marrow Bones*,
With *Forc'd-Meat-Balls*, and fry'd *Lam*
Nothing (as he'd Stomachich Fits)
Wou'd down with him but hollow Bits;

His Taſt, *too, was of Quality,*
With Lady-Fair He'd always lie;
But, when *She* chanc'd to be elſewhere,
True-Lover-like He'd ſhun the Fair;
And, what cou'd e'er be done or ſaid,
He'd *ſcorn* to lie with *Chamber-Maid:*
Nothing but Lady wou'd go down,
That, when he found *Her* not at home,
For dumpiſh State He'd lie alone.
For *Beauty* had his *Downy Bed,*
And fine *Swan-Pillow* for his *Head:*
A coſtly Pallet, of his own,
The very Non-ſuch of the Town;
His *Pillow-Bears*, and *Sheets of Lawn,*
His *Crimſon Curtains Pattern-drawn,*
All wrought with *fineſt Needle-Work,*
Fit for th' Seraglio *o'th' Great Turk;*
And ſcorn'd to go to Bed, when *cold,*
Before 'twas warm'd, for any *Gold:*
his Apartment, too, he had,
primis, pretty *Chamber-Maid.*

Item, ſuch *Trinckets*, and ſuch *Store*,
That never *Dog*, ſure, had before;
(And 't's to be hop'd will ne'er have more.)
Item, all ſorts of *coſtly Gim-*
-Cracks, as cou'd hit *his Lady's Whimm:*
Millions of Chriſtians would be glad,
To have their Child ſo fed and clad:
But let's take care we don't digreſs,
(For Reaſons, all the World may gueſs;)
His Man and *Maid* (for *He had both*)
Had *rare good Places* in good *troth*;
Nothing to do, but 'tend on Beauty;
But— to be ſure— to mind their Duty;
To keep Him *always* in their *Sight*,
And *wait upon Him, Day* and *Night*;
Abroad *his Man*, at home *his Maid*;
Strict Charge on each, *apart*, was laid,
So we'll begin wi' 's *Chamber-Jade:*
She *tuck't Him up*, when He repos'd,
And *took Him up*, when H' was diſpos'd;
Muſt waſh, and comb Him, e'ery Day,
On loſs of Place, to leave one Flea;

For *this*, ſhe had her *Implements*,
May-Water, *Jeſſamine*, and *Scents*;
Air'd-Napkin ready, 'gainſt He'd riſe,
Her *Body-Bruſh* to rub his *Thighs*;
Her *Baſons*, *Waſh-Balls*, and her *Towels*,
To clean his *Skinn*, and warm his *Bowels*;
Her *Sets of Bruſhes*, and her *Combs*,
With ſuper-fine *Compound-Perfumes*,
That ſcented Dog, and *Maid*, and *Rooms*;
(For *Lady-Fair* was *not Hyſterick*,
Nor 's *Maid*— but *bold as an Empirick*.)
So, *firſt*, ſhe *waſh'd*, and *then* ſhe *dry'd* Him;
But, *woe to Her*— if e'er *She ty'd Him*:
That was *to looſe her Place*, at once,
And ſo ſhe *ne'er* was ſuch *a Dunce*,
To riſque her *Lady's* dire *Diſpleaſure*,
By *teazing Dog*, in any Meaſure;
But *ſoftly* laid Him *in her Lap*,
Gave Him *his Sack-Whey* after '*s Nap*;
Then *warm'd her Water*, e'er ſhe waſh't Him,
And *when Fair-Lady by*, ſhe kiſs't Him;

For Sycophants have rolling Eyes,
And fawn, and fondle — or deſpiſe,
Juſt as do thoſe, by whom they riſe.
She told her Lady *ſh' always did ſo;*
But once was *catcht*, and then was *chid* ſo,
That tho' *Miſs* took it in *diſdain*,
She *never durſt* do ſo *again*.
Each Morning (after He had laid,
The Night before, *in his own Bed*,)
His Maid, *firſt Thing ſhe did*, muſt *dreſs Him*,
Becauſe his Lady cou'd n't miſs Him:
For, *ſoon as 'wake*, ſhe rung *the Bell*,
To know, *if Beauty dear was well.*
Charging his Maid to *tell no Lie*,
Becauſe, " *She thought ſhe heard Him cry:*
" So *fear'd* ſhe'd either *hurt* or *beat* Him;
" Yet *hop'd* ſhe'd *ever gently treat Him:*
And (more than that) *what e'er He did*,
She charg'd, *He never ſhou'd be chid.*
But *Beauty's* ſubtle *Chamber-Maid*,
Well marking what *Fair-Lady* ſaid,
Gave Anſwer like *a clever Jade.*

" *Madam*,

" *Madam*, ſays ſhe, (*then curtſy'd low*)
" *I wiſh your Ladyſhip cou'd know*
The conſtant Care I take of Beauty,
(*As it's*, indeed, *my Place and Duty*:)
I never let Him run *abroad*,
Nor Dogs come to Him, (on my Word:)
" *The Honour* I've to be *your Servant*,
" I do eſteem *a great Preferment*:
" And (*to convince your Ladyſhip*)
" When I in *Beauty's Chamber ſleep*,
I keep *His Curtains always drawn*,
(*Tho'* often *I forget my own*;)
Beat up *his Pillows*, *tuck Him cloſe*,
And watch *He don't kick off the Cloaths*;
" And, *ſooner than* I'd hurt *a Hair*
" *Of Him*, Madam, *I vow and ſwear*,
" *I'd be tore*, *Piece-meal*, Limb from Limb!
—— At *that* the Lady *fetcht a Hem*,
nding Her ſelf *half in a Twitter*,
pat the Huſſey knew to fit Her:)
Tis well, ſays She, *I ſee your Care*;
And promiſe you— you need not fear

" *Your*

" *Your Diligence* ſhall be forgot,
" *I like you much the better for't*;
" For, when I'm ſure *my Beauty's ſafe*,
" *Then* am I *eaſier by half*.
But, wee're to mind, *he always laid*
With Lady Fair, in *her own Bed*,
Except, when *She was out of Town*,
Or elſe— when 'twas, *my Lord*, turn'd *Clown*,
Got drunk, and *ſwore*, *he'd knock him down*.
For *then* poor Beauty *was betray'd*,
From Lady's *own to* his own *Bed*;
And *his own* pretty *Maid* was *ſhe*
By whom He muſt *tranſported* be:
When, *all that live-long Night*, beſure,
Poor Lady-Fair, more anxious *far*
For Beauty, *than* Beauty *for Her*,
An eager Love is jealous ſtill,
And full of galling Fears of Ill,
She early *leaving Lord to ſnore*,
Run's to her dear Dog, thump's the *Door*,
And, *overjoy'd* She cou'd get in,
(How wou'd you've laught, had you't but ſeen
Bounc

ounce's in upon *Beauty's Maid,*
nd *catcht Him napping,* as He laid:
rue-Lap-Dog-a-la-Mode-Fine-Play,
as wherein *Beauty's Talent lay;*
But *ſuch rough Noiſe,* juſt *at his Head,*
Made *ſlumb'ring Beauty* ſore *afraid;*
Which *Lady-Fair perceiving* ſoon,
" *O Lord!* ſays ſhe, *What have I done?*
How doe's my Jewel do? ſhe cry's,
iſſe's Him firſt— then wipe's *his Eyes;*
all's Him, *her pretty little Fellow,*
nd *gabble's* like *Fair-Lady mellow:*
But, *when recover'd* from *ſurprize,*
She *order's,* ſtrait, *his Maid to riſe,*
And dreſs Him, *inſtantly,* and *gay,*
" *For Company comes here to Day:*
n *Dreſſing-Cloſet* hung *Attire,*
" *equip Him* for *the Field,* or *Fire;*
is *Necklace* of *the fineſt Pearl,*
Fit for the Daughter of an Earl)
Two gaudy Collars, with *their Bells,*
One *for the Summer,* (at *the Wells,*)

Em;

Embroider'd *Sattin*, *Cherry-Ground*,
With *Bells of Silver*, (and *of Sound*;)
One *for the Winter*, and *the Town*,
With coſtly Diamonds richly ſown;
(Baſely bely'd for *Briſtol-Stone*:)
Each *Diamond* had his *Golden-Bell*,
Or *Silver-waſht*, (and that's as well)
Black-Velvet-Ground, and *vaſtly neat*,
To give the Luſtre more compleat;
Gorgeous muſt *all his Things be made*;
(Sure, *that was making well for Trade*;)
Thus 'twas *her Ladyſhip* wou'd ſhow
That ſhe knew *how*, *to make a Beau*;
And thus— *her Wiſdom*, or *her Pleaſure*,
Wou'd make *her Dog*— *a Dog of Treaſure*:
And, to make known his *Rank* and *State*,
He ne'er ſtirr'd out without Valet;
His *Graſs-Green-Tabby Summer-Cloak*,
So nicely made, ſome ſaid *it ſpoke*
The curious Taylor, very plain,
That *cut Himſelf* into ſuch *Fame*;

By fitting, in one Cloak, forſooth,
Fair Lady's Dog, and Fancy both:
Moſt *ſweetly Shap't*, and *Silver-trimm'd*,
As was *his fine Lac'd-Hat*, broad-brim'd,
flop, when *Sun-Beams dart* too hot,
d *woe to 's Footman— when* 't did *not:*
s Winter Cloak was *Scarlet Cloth*;
d *but the fineſt too*, forſooth;
With *Gold Galoon bound nicely* round,
That *ruſſl'd*, as *it ſwept the Ground*;
And, *when* He went out in *cold Weather*,
'S *Man*, *Cloak*, and *Coach*, *came altogether*,
ith juſt *One Pair* about the Town,
t, *on the Road*, they'd not go down;
r when He took a *Country-Ride*,
ur-Horſes were clapt in beſide,
n's *Coach and Six*— to take the Air,
With his *admiring Lady-Fair*;
On *Velvet Seat* He *then was laid*,
By's Man in Liv'ry, (not his Maid)
d, *as He lik'd it beſt*, He did,
l, ſet or ſtand— and ſo He rid,

Thus 'twas *her Ladyſhip* thought fit,
To celebrate *her pregnant Wit*:
Thus 'twas *Sir Lick-Lips* daily *ſwear'd*,
Tho' ſawcy Clowns Fair-Lady jeer'd:
But (*notwithſtanding* all was ſaid)
His Table-Equipage He had,
So rich— moſt thought *Fair-Lady mad*,
To make her Dog out-do the Town
In Finery's, and all his own.
Some ſaid She acted, *in diſguiſe*,
To ridicule the Prudes— (ſo *wiſe*,
As *all Men breathing to deſpiſe.*)
For thoroughly, *She knew* (Folks ſay)
Their monſt'rous Affectation,— They
Call *Vertue*— She *Hypocriſy*,
Cant, *Cheat*; and all *Mock-Modeſty*:
But *Lady*, *marvellouſly wiſe*,
" *Saw not with other People's Eyes*;
Sh' knew what ſhe knew,— and 'twas well know
" *Her own Dog's Credit was her own*:
So that (what e'er *the Silly* ſaid,
Or any elſe,) " She'd have it had;

Wheth

Whither her Lord lik'd it, or no,
She lik'd it— ſo 'twas to be ſo.
d, *deeply read*, She'd plainly prove,
rom NOVELS, and *Examples*, of
e greateſt of her Sex;) there were
uch ſtranger Things among the Fair:
Then thus concludes, " Pray let me know,
" *Why mayn't I have my Beauty too,*
" *And make Him*— an eternal Beau?
Thus, her Dog's Name, Hermaphrodite,
Was Beau— *and* Beauty— *and* Both *right*;
is *Name-complex* was *Beauty-Beau*;
ou'll think *that can't be right*, we know,
ut Lady-Fair will prove it ſo;
o but to *Her*, *She'll tell you how*,
nd ſtranger Things that you don't know;
For She can " all Gain-ſay confute,
" That none can match Her in Diſpute;
Not bawling like a Billings-Gate,
To make Noiſe paſs for Lady's Wit,
ut rallying with ſo much Art,
e'll pleaſe you while She make's you ſmart;

She'll *Clergymen* confute, both ways;
For She'll diſtinguiſh, as She'll pleaſe,
And cut 'em down— with *Yea's*— or *Nay's*:
That, be their Learning e'er ſo great,
She'll ſmoke, at once, what they'd be at;
Then inſtantly fling in their Way,
So croſs a Block,— that there 'twill lay,
And muſt— *for ever and for ay*:
Sound in *Polemicks*— and ſo ſmart,
She 'd out do *Hiſtory* and *Art*;
And to *the Learned* ſo well known,
That they'll unanimouſly own,
Fair-Lady Terror to the Gown.
Then *now* Diſpute is at an End,
Pray let's go on, as we intend,
Keep to the Tail— you'll find the End.
Sir Dog then, had his *Gilt-Haft Knife*,
And *Fork* to match it to the Life;
'S *Plum-Porridge*, and his *Marrow-Spoon*,
Gilt Porringer, for Soop at Noon;
His *Water-Plate* to warm his Dinner,
(Beauty to keep from growing thinner.)

His *Chair at Table*, and *his Carver*,
At Lady's Elbow— to obſerve Her;
His figur'd Glaſs to drink a Health,
(As He wou'd do ſometimes, by ſtealth)
All Things at Table, as the reſt,
This Diff'rence only— *His was beſt;*
A Fluted Plate Dram-Cup, when He'd Sot,
A Spring-Water Plate, when He wou'd not;
Cann He had none— *no*— nor *October*,
(For t' tip Him Juſtice, He was ſober)
But 's *China Fruit Plate* for *Deſſert*,
At Table always all alert,
And who but He? Sir *Dog*, Sir *Pert*;
No Maid at that time wou'd do there,
Liv'ry muſt *then* behind his Chair,
To reach what He'd occaſion for;
And rather wou'd Fair Lady wait
Than He ſhou'd— for She cou'd n't ſee't.
Then (to prevent Fair Lady's Frights,)
He'd *cover'd Caudle-Cup*— for Nights,
To ſet *Sir Dog*, when Sick, to Rights:

Tea-

Tea-Equipage He had, as grand,
As any Puppy in the Land;
More probably, out did 'em all,
For 'twas not truſted in the *Hall*,
But *Dining Room* and *Parlour*, where
'Twas kept for *Coſtlineſs*, and Fear
It ſhou'd jump down, or elſe elope,
(A laudable Forecaſt, I hope)
'S *Tea-Kettle*, *Lamp*, and *Caniſter*,
All Plate— Wa'n't this a ſawcey Curr?
(By's *Lady's Leave*, I hope, for Rhime,
I may juſt call Him ſo this time;)
But hold, I ſhou'd ſay *Canniſters*,
To th' Honour of *this Curr of Currs*;
Whoſe Man muſt keep *his Plate*, ſo nice,
To breath upon't wou'd be a Vice,
And 's *Maid* muſt make his *Tea* and *Coffee*,
As if ſhe made it for *the Sophy*;
Glaſs Window's in his Bread and Butter,
And none but her own ſelf the Cutter,
So thinn as it cou'd well be *ſeen through*,
And *curl*— as if for any *Queen* too.

His *fine Tea-Table* was *Japon*,
To ſet *his Cups* and *Sawcers* on;
Burnt China they, and *Setts complete*,
To ſhew *Decorum* at his Treat;
ith *Sugar-Diſh*, and *Salvers* many,
l ditto *burnt*, *and fineſt China*,
ately Slop-Baſons, *glitt'ring all*,
ike Punch-Bowls of an Admiral;
An Equipage ſo *rich* and *full*,
As if *ſent from the Great Mogul*;
So *grand all*, as if 'twas to try
If *China* cou'd n't *Plate* outvie;
as if *th' Emperor of China*
nder'd his Land to entertain you:
t then *his Plate* ſhone *in ſuch Plenty*,
if Potoſi *Mines were empty*;
Plate Tea-Pot, *Coffee-Pot*, *gilt Strainer*,
Plate Dram-Boat gilt— and pray what plainer
an that 'twas ſlyly had, to ſhew
at *Beauty* had— what *Lady* knew—
d daily Practice proves it— true)

For

For-- Lady's, often, love a Dram,
In Earneſt,-- tho', ſame time, they ſhamm:
But *He* (to turn to preſent Theme,)
Had *Saffron-Pot*, and *Pot for Cream*,
All fineſt Plate-- and when that's ſaid,
(To tell the Truth) that's all He had;
Barring *a Set of nice gilt Spoons*,
Wherewith *his Maid* conferr'd his Boons,
On Silver Salvers waſh't with Gold,
(To match his *Tea-Spoons*, as I'm told)
In *candid Chips*, or *Marmelade*,
Or other *Sweetmeats*, as He had,
In Compliment to thoſe that were
Admitted, ſo as to be there;
Such *Favorites ſelect*, as had
Or *brib'd Beau-Beauty's Chamber-Maid*;
Or brought their Matters ſo about
With *Beauty's Lady*-- as they mought,
In Mark of Favour, be admitted
To Her Dog's Table-- when He treated;
Tho' yet, ('twixt you and I) 'twas done
To ſee *fine Dog's fine Collar* on:

or *He* muſt ne'er be viſited
y *Strangers*,— till *his proper Maid*
Had dreſt and ſmug'd Him up, in Cue,
For *His* and's *Lady's* Honour too;
When Company cou'd bear Perfumes,
He musk't 'em all, in all the Rooms;
et wou'd He all fine Scents forbear,
hen ever found ungrateful there;
o ſhew Deference to the Fair!)
hind his Chair then ſtood *his Maid*,
ſmirking ſmug'd up pretty Jade,
reach *his Tea* to 'm when 'twas made;
Well *ſweet'n'd firſt*, and *taſted* too,
For fear 't ſhou'd be *too hot* for *Beau*;
Fair Lady judging 't leſs amiſs,
To ſcald the Wenches Chops than his;
Scandal ſully'd his Tea-Table,
ch held *Punctilio*, as beſt able.
to ſalute the Ladys, firſt,
s with his Cup— tho' He'd no Thirſt.
What Tea was in't— indeed— we ſha'n't
ell you juſt now— becauſe we can't;

Yet 'twas enough (and that's worth heeding,
For *Beau* to ſhow fine *Beauty's Breeding* :)
Demonſtrating to common Sence,
And overthrowing, *both at once*,
That *Error* of Philoſophers,
So long held by the greateſt Sirs,
Of Hogs, and Horſes, Cats and Currs;
In ſhort, of all Brute Animals,
From Elephants, below Jackalls:
That Brutes ne'er drink but when a dry.
Yet *Beauty* give's 'em *all* the Lie,
And grubb's up falſe Philoſophy;
Some hold, He'd ſometimes take *a Lap*,
Well— *Lapſus Linguæ* oft' will hap;
And were's the Wonder— *All have Crimes,*
And the Beſt-bred miſtake ſometimes:
However, *when He made a Slurr,*
His Maid was chid for't— (not *the Curr*:)
Then *th' Ladys*— (who reſent good Turns
With decent ſpeed, make their Returns;

nd *Some*, for Curiosity,
Vou'd bring *their Bedfellows*, to try;
their's with *this Dog* cou'd not vie;
ut *Beauty bore the Bell away*,
s much as *fine-Tea* from *chopt-Hay*;
Distanc'd 'em all— beyond a Thought;
And *kept Prerog'tive*; as He ought:
Gave Himself Airs, as best became
So fine a Dog, so fine a Dame;
hen 'twas *his Breeding* He made known,
or's *Lady's Honour*, and *his own*;
ut all the Lady's in a Twitter,
o *Prude* was *there*, but *He* cou'd *fit Her*;
And plaid his Part so, *to the Nonce*,
H'won all the Lady's Hearts, at once;
All Mirth and Noise around his Table,
Parrots and Beaus, all gibble-gabble,
Ladys and Dogs,— *a splendid Rabble*.
he Servants, merry as the Rest,
ting their Lips, balk't in their Jest;
ll wishing to be Quality
ust then— that *then* they might be free;

Nay, *Beauty's Maid* (ſo prime a Sample
Of ſtrict Reſerve)— *from ſuch Example*,
(Tho', as I've known a fine Verſe ſay,
" Richer in Beauty than Array)
Burſt out Herſelf, (*ſuch is the Force*
Of Laughter) or it had been worſe:
How then *the Ladys*, and *the Beaus*,
Cou'd find Themſelves within their Cloaths,
E'en gueſs— or let Him tell that know's:
But, *now*, let's *Beauty's Arts* rehearſe,
(A Subject fit for Doggrel-Verſe:)
Artifice, then, and ſuch *Addreſs*,
And *Tricks* He had, you'll hardly gueſs.
Tricks *manifold*, and *ſuch* He knew,
As ne'er a Dog but—Him cou'd do;
He'd *play the Harlequin*, with ſo much
Humour, indeed, we can't tell how much;
He'd *cock his Tail*, immodeſt high,
Then, flap, *He'd drop it down*, as ſly;
Watching his Lady's Eyes and Voice,
Juſt what *She lik'd*, He made *his Choice*;

when *Fair-Lady* said but— "*High!*—
Beauty do so?— "*Fie Beauty, fie:*—
'd leer, and hang it *strait*, at once;
h was *his Breeding*, and *his Sense*.
For He cou'd take in any Form,
And cou'd, when e'er He wou'd, reform;
He'd act the Serious, or Jocose,
And suit all Companys He chose;
(you're to know) He wou'd n't stay,
if He did, He wou'd n't play
s *Tricks* with *Humour*, *Life*, and *Art*,
t where He lik'd to play his Part;
, where that was,— None more alert:
Fetches He had publick and private,
Yet *few cou'd tell* what 'twas He'd drive at;
Sometimes He'd give a *Start*, and *fly*,
As Fury-flog'd— and *skip*, as high!—
Then, *limp*, and *hang a Leg*, and *cry*;
hen there, *no Mortal*, ha's been near
hurt Him, with a Foot or Chair,
fcald Him;— *no*, nor hurt a Hair;

Fo

And

And wou'd you know *the Secret*, why
He thus wou'd *ſham the Limp*, and *Cry*?
'Twas done *to rouſe Fair-Lady's Fears*,
(That melted Her, oft, into *Tears*)
And then 'twas, "*Come, my Jewel, here*;
"*What ail's my pretty little Dear*?
Then, well He knew, tho' He'd no Harm,
He ſtrait ſhou'd gain Fair-Lady's Arms,
Be *kiſs'd*, and *fondl'd*, *in her Lap*;
(While *Lady* ſearch'd for (*no*) Miſhap:)
Then— *Citron Water*, or *rich Jelly*,
To cure his Wounds, *went down his Belly*;
Then— a warm *Sip* of fine *lac'd-Tea*,
To ſooth his *all-feign'd Malady*;
Then— *Choc'late-Almonds*, *Candid-Peel*,
(Or ſomething elſe, He lik'd as well,)
With Lady's Lipps, *compleatly heal'd*:
But what e'er 'twas, cou'd cure the beſt,
'Twas ſlowly given,— *to digeſt*;
With *th' utmoſt Caution 'twas apply'd*,
For fear— *Her Dog ſhou'd* once, *have died*;

Thus gravely then Fair-Lady did
Cure Her fictitious Invalid,
hen, cunningly, *in lasy Cue,*
e'd *loll,*--- and got so far,--- He knew
e soon shou'd gain *her snowy Breast,*
here *He'd compose Himself to Rest,*
ause there He lov'd *to nap it* best;
'Till, having cloy'd Himself with Charms,
He'd give a Spring from Lady's Arms;
As *quite-recover'd* of his Wounds,
Then give some merry *Frisks* and *Bounds,*
To show Himself *all safe and sound:*
hus *cap'ring,* heal'd of Wounds, and Smart,
e joy'd *Fair-Lady's* very Heart;
hus wou'd He flamm poor Lady-Fair,
hat cuddl'd Him with so much Care,
nd *funn,* at same time, *all Folks there.*
This may be thought *strange* of *a Curr,*
But not of *this fine Dog,* (good Sir,)
That was *so much a Conjurer:*
A Dab at Fortune-Telling so,
You'd swear--- no Dog such Things cou'd know.

But,

But, He had *Tricks* few Folks e'er saw,
H' out did the Monkey, and *the Daw*,
Knowing to watch the Ladys Eyes,
Pleafe or difpleafe 'em to furprize,
Cou'd raife or ftifle *Lover's Fears*,
Half drown 'em, when He wou'd, in Tears;
Then dry their blubber'd Lips, juft after;
Making 'em all *burft out* in Laughter:
In Cant-Aftrology fo great,
His Art wou'd make you to fufpect,
Almoft, *his Pedigree*, for that;
Acting therein (with State) *by Proxy*,
He'd tell *but all*, by 's Canting Dowy:
Caft-Cards, *Tea-Leaves* and *Coffee-Grounds*
Explore,— and drive Folks into Swoons;
He'd *tell* the *Beaus*— and *Ladys-Fortunes*;
"*Happy*, *or not?*— "*Lives long or fhort ones*!
All lawful Queftions anfwer ftrait,
And tell your felf what you'd be at;
When *Worft is paft*, and *Beft to come*,
Till— *whip*,— He has you by the Thumb.

All

All this He doe's without one Word,
So vaſt Supplys doe's *Art* afford;
(For *Ways and Means* will (as ye ken)
Serve Dogs to play Tricks— 's well as Men:)
And, as *He* has *no Hands* of 's own,
His Maid ſupply's Him with her own;
He need but make his mimick-Sounds,
Then come's his Servant, and expound's;
And (in her Art— not to be wanting,)
The Jade is thorough-pac'd in *Canting;*
For He ha's *his Intelligence,*
His pumping, prating, witty Wench;
His Spy— that can give *Hints*, as well
As *Whachum* did to *Sidrophel:*
So great Profeſſors often do
Keep Places, and *the Honours too,*
But do by Proxy what's to do.
Thus *Beauty*, acting *like the Great*,
With the more *Splendor kept his State:*
For as, in all Trades, there's an Art,
So is there too, in Tricks of Court;
What do I ſay?— in Tricks of Sport.

Well; *Lapſus Calami* (I think) may
Happen, as well as *Lapſus Linguæ*,
And both be pardonable ſtill,
When there is no Deſign of Ill:
You'll grant me that for Truth— I gueſs,—
But now let's think how we digreſs;
To plead for *Blunders*, in a Story,
Of Lady-Fair's dear Dog and Glory;
A Thing (*in Subſtance*) ſo well known,
To all the Top of all the Town,
Is what with moſt will not go down:
Wherefore let's turn again, and mend,
And mind the Rule we lately penn'd,
"*Keep to the Tale— to find the End:*
Beauty, then, *jealous of the Beaus*,
Sworn-Enemy to *Them*, and *Cloaths*,
Sometimes wou'd *boldly* fall upon 'em,
And ſometimes wou'd ſteal *ſlily* on 'em;
He'd have 'em *faſt*, e'or They cou'd know,
Stockings and *Legs*, and through and through;
Attack 'em too with ſo much Sence,
He'd tear and mark, and both at once:

What *Miſs* cou'd e'er learn that *at School?*
Or can you tell me one, e'er will?
Such *Whimms* He had in his *Vagarys*,
You'd think He'd learnt 'em from *the Farys*;
Beaus-Hats and *Gloves* He'd often hide,
Their *Canes*, at ſame time, *lead* and *ride*;
So ſerve their *honourable Swords*,
Drag 'em *infamouſly* to 's Hoards,
Be they *Beau-Majors*, or *Beau-Lords*:
Nay, tho' yet greater He'd not care,
He'd always guard his *Lady-Fair*,
And plunder *Beaus*, come when they dare;
This Lady knew, and hugg'd Him, for
His conſtant Jealouſy for Her;
Faſt in his *Lady's Heart* and *Breaſt*,
Triumphing then He took his Reſt;
Rewarded thus for's hardy *Toils*,
And *Riſque* He ran, in *Lady's Broils*,
Knight-Errant-like, He *there* receiv'd
Favours from Lady-Fair, *reliev'd*
(From Hardſhips not to be believ'd:)

Such as wou'd make *a Prince* to long,
T' expose Himself in *Frays* ding dong,
To claim He had *reveng'd her Wrong*,
(Receiv'd from *too officious Beaus*,
That *Lady-Fair* and *Beauty* know's,)
That He might be intitled *so*,
To wallow in such Charms, as *Beau*;
(Breasts whiter than the driven Snow;
Where *Beau was rampant*, as all saw,
That saw Him towze Her, with his Paw;
But *Lady-Fair*, all-Gratitude,
Was proud to have her dear Dog rude,
As rude with Her, as e'er *He cou'd*;
For *Ladys*, tho' they'll often cry,
" *My Dear you'll kill me*— yet won't die;
But (some will hold) *are realy glad*
To have their Lovers rudely mad;
And *tho' They'll cry out*, oft enough,
That's but their coaxing *Trick of Youth*,
That laugh at all that think it Truth:
And *Beauty* plaid *the Lover's-Part*
So well, *He won Fair-Lady's Heart*;

Fair-Fady hugg'd, *fine Dog* He clung,
Nor Hand cou'd get Him thence, nor Tongue;
And thoſe that dar'd to interrupt
Their ſoft Indulgence,— for their Sport,
Woe to their *Fingers*, and their *Lace*,
He'd mark 'em, and yet keep his Place;
But when his hot Love-Fit was out.
He'd Lady leave, and rake about:
Now in *the Garden*, then i'th' *Houſe*,
Now play *with Dogs*, then *Lady's-Cloaths*;
In ſubtile Manner, creeping in
Betwixt their Legs, like any Thing:
Under *a Hoop* Himſelf enſconce,
Then *woe the Beau* that dare advance;
From *Lady's-Hoop*, upon *her Knee*,
And then, ſoon *in her Breaſt* He'd be;
Here's Puppy-Familiarity!
Now, you may think on't as you pleaſe,
But, play with Dogs, you muſt have Fleas:
However, *He* was *there at Eaſe.*

And

And then *no Beau at all* He ſpar'd,
E'en to Fair-Lady's lawful Lord
He wou'd be ſawcy, when He dar'd;
Now, whither 's *Lordſhip* found, or no,
Or thought He felt his Horns to grow,
He ſeem'd much, *to ſuſpect ſome Rival*,
But jealous of nor *Dog* nor *Devil*;
Some gallant *Man of Quality*,
Great as his own, He thought, might be
Partaker of *his Lady's Charms*,
But from *a Dog* conceiv'd no Harms;
Yet, howſoe'er He *injur'd was*,
(For Reaſons good) we'll let that paſs;
Since *Scandalum Magnatum is*
An everlaſting Rod in P—
Saying, *perhaps* my Lord *thought ſo*;
But *ſo*, or *not*,— we'll let *That* go,
Tho' when *Lord* tells us, *you ſhall know*;
Yet, e'er we part— we muſt relate,
How, *Breaſt to Breaſt*, incorporate
Almoſt,— He lay like *Dog in State*;

Alive, I mean,— (for I ne'er read
Of *Dog* that *lay in State* when *dead.*)
Fair-Lady, all in Raptures, to
Be ſo *careſs'd* by *ſuch a Beau*;
She hugg'd, and kiſs'd, and cry'd, and clung,
And He return'd all with his Tongue;
Put *Lady-Fair* quite out of Breath,
And buſs't her, *e'en a'moſt* to Death;
Sir Lick Lips was ſo *tir'd* too,
He fell a ſleep while *One* tell's *Two*;
Here's Love and Honour, on my Word,
A Lap-Dog Rival to a Lord!
Lucky All-Fours, *with all my Heart*,
To win ſo great a Lady's Heart,
And make ſo great a Lord's— to ſmart.
Thus, *full of Joys*, (One ſhou'd deteſt,)
They Both compoſe Themſelves to Reſt;
(*To all the Company a Jeſt*:)
Not long, tho', had They *thus* enjoy'd
Each others Charms (till *Both* were *cloy'd*)
Before *my Lord* come's in, *from Court*,
Surpris'd 'em Both; and *balk't their Sport*:

For

For there *He catch't 'em napping* both,
And *part They muſt*, tho' *e'er ſo loth*;
Then Lady *feign's a Qualm*, forſooth;
And, *in Confuſion*, as half blown,
Haſtily ſet's the Rival *down*,
And dutifully kiſs't her own:
" Wellcome *my Lord*, Fair-Lady cry's,
" How cou'd you ſtay ſo long?— his Eyes
Sparkl'd with *Love* to *Lady-Fair*,
To think He was *ſo wellcome there*:
She, with *coy Ogle*, e'en *the Dove*
Outmimick's, to return his *Love*;
So *Lord* and *Lady* thus made Friends,
'Twas what beſt anſwer'd *Lady's Ends*;
But yet— *Lord* up and tell's *a Caſe*,
How He came *lately* from *a Place*,
Th' Houſe of a Privy Counſellor,
Where He'd been hamper'd by a Curr,
That very Morning, *e'er He went*
To Council;— and how *there* He ſpent
" *A full Half-Hour*— and very loth,
" 'Cauſe *K—g and Council waited both*;

" *Fu*

" *For both theſe Lords*— and give's the Reaſon,
" Becauſe— He came there, *out of Seaſon.*
That was, *juſt when a little Bitch,*
That lately whelpt, ſat, on her Breech,
To guard her Puppys 'gainſt *all Thoſe*
That came; (all whom *She took for Foes,*)
Pell Mell She run's at's *Lordſhip's Legs,*
And *prong's 'em* with her angry *Pegs;*
But (barr the Gripe) She only *tore*
His Stockings,— But, *till He got more,*
There muſt He wait— a full Half-Hour:
Becauſe *that Privy-Counſellor's*
Lady— likewiſe, was *fond of Currs;*
And *this fine Bitch,* She doted on,
Muſt now be *never left alone;*
Becauſe her Litt'ring-Time, forſooth;
(*A careful Lady in good Troth;*)
But, i'th' *beſt-Parloir-Cloſet* She
By *Nurſe*— muſt *watch't* and *tended* be;
Till, *Nine Days o'er,*— Her *Pups* cou'd ſee:

Then *Lord* comment's upon the Caſe,
" From *all this Fuſs*, and *Lovingneſs*,
" *A hopeful Litter*— we may gueſs;
" *As being nurſt by Quality:*
(For Lady *Nurſe in chief* wou'd be.)
" But muſt *a K--g and 's Privy-Council*,
" *And Peers*, (a ſwearing B--- and O— ſtill)
" *Be made to wait, a full Half-Hour*,
" *'Cauſe Dogs are Whelping on the Floor*;
" Or 'cauſe *a Bitch* juſt *Whelpt* before?
" And, *i'th' beſt Rooms*, muſt *Whelps be nurſt?*
" (*May all ſuch Nurſing be accurs't.*)
" To ſuffer *Woman's-Pravity*
" *Of Humour*— (as in this we ſee)
" *Diſturb the greateſt Pow'rs that be!*
" To make, forſooth, *a Nation wait*,
" And thus poſtpone Affairs of State,
" *To humour Her*,— *at ſuch a Rate*:
" *'T's a burning Shame*, I vow and ſwear,
" *Wives ſhou'd be fondl'd, as They are.*

Fair-Lady, gall'd at this Relation,
Colour'd, and *kindl'd into Paſſion*;
Yet ſmother'd it,— in cunning Faſhion:
" My Lord, (ſay's ſhe,—) you look ſo handſom,
" To Day, I ſwear!— " *Pray pay your Ranſom*;
" For *you're my Pris'ner, on parole*;
" Did n't you promiſe me?— *my Soul!*
" *I know your Lordſhip can't indure*
" *I ſhau'd be balkt— on any Score*;
" *Your Word* you value, *'bove your Life*,
" Then you *can't break it to your Wife*;
" Don't you *remember?— Madam*, I do,
" And mind my *Word* and *Honour* too.
At that *his Lordſhip* ſtrait *ſalute's*
Fair-Lady, and cry's— no Diſpute's,
For, pray *remember*, now we're quits:
" *No, no*, (ſay's ſhe,) *my Lord, hold there*;
" *You owe me more than This, my Dear.*
" Madam, ſay's he, *I'll pay elſewhere:*
Lady, at that, *wou'd not* refrain,
But thank't Him in a gen'rous Strain,
That no Reſentment might be ſeen,

Is't poſſible to put in Words
What Monſters Nature, then, affords?
Dog's Leavings— a Regale for Lords!
To lick *from Lips of Ladyſhip,*
(What ſure ſhou'd give *all Men the Hip,*)
What Dog juſt lick't from Tail of Bitch!
What can Mankind ſo much bewitch?
And muſt *the great Affairs of State,*
Be forc't for *Dogs,* or *Cats,* to *wait?*
What *Mortal* can *with Patience* ſee't?
For *ſome* are's fond of *Cat* and *Kitten,*
As *other Ladys* are *Dog-ſmitten;*
And that's *a Vice, too rampant grown,*
But we ſhall *now* let *That* alone,
Hoping *the Ladys,*— (as They ought,)
Will *ſcorn* ſo *mean* and *vile a Thought;*
For ſurely, Kings, and Senators
Are not to wait for Cats, and Currs;
Dear *Liberty,* and *Property,*
I'll hold,— *as Brittain,*— live or die;
But *Liberty,* allow'd *to Dogs,*
Till They *to Property are Clogs,*

Is what all Reaſon wou'd repeal,
In this and ev'ry *Commonweal*,
Where Folks *true Liberty* can feel;
That when I find it *oft*, in Troth,
Encroach on Lords and Commons both,
It puzzle's me, as *much*, and *more*,
Than *th' puzz'ling Cobler* did before:
And *what Way* can *the World invent*,
So groſs an Abuſe to prevent,
But a ſtrong *Act of P---m---t?*
To down with all Dogs, at a Dowce,—
Ladys (you know) ar'n't in the Houſe;
Nor can't be thought, that *this Debate*
Can any ways diſturb the State:
For *all the injur'd Members*, there,
(Perhaps *the greater Number* far)
Wou'd vote 'em down, you all may ſwear;
But were there *any* wou'd oppoſe,
'Twou'd be, but *Lady-Penſion-Beaus*;
And *Thoſe*, I hope, are *few*, or *none*;
Yet, ſhou'd there be ſuch, *None dare own*,

Is

To

To that ſerene Auguſt Aſſembly,
(He'll ſooner tell 'em *all* a d---d Lie)
Who it is influence's Him,
Has H' e'er ſo many Friends within:
'Cauſe, *fatal Bribery* (you know)
Diſcover'd once,— muſt *overthrow*
His *Memberſhip*, and *Honour too*;
And ſure there are *no Members*, will
Do *Ladys-Honour* ſo much Ill,
As *load it* with indelible
Unnat'ral Blemiſhes, and *Slurrs*,
By ſtickling for their *paltry Currs*;
Thus ſure *the Point muſt ſoon be carry'd*,
Againſt both *Marry'd*, and *Un-marry'd*,
Women of all Ranks,— and their *Beaus*
In Penſion;— (if there be of Thoſe:)
'Gainſt *Fathers*, *Brothers*, and *the Cuzzes*,
That will be bubbl'd by the Huſſeys;
Nay, 'gainſt *all doting Husbands* too,
'Gainſt all *the gull'd*, and *horned Crew*;
Then ſoon ſhall Property revive,
Dogs ſhall go down, and Men ſhall thrive:

Then

Then ſhall the Girls be well careſt,
For Dogs are Dogs, but Men are beſt;
Dogs *in their Place*,— but not to be
Curr-Rivals to Nobility;
No— nor to *any Man* 't can be.
Tho' *Dogs may dance*, and may *ſhow Tricks*,
They're not to ſlabber *Ladys-Lips*;
For ſmudging naſty Relicks o'er
A Woman's Mouth, (tho' *Rich*, or *Poor*)
Muſt make her Mouth a Common-Shore;
And who ſo e'er may chance *betroth Her*,
All neat Men *in their Hearts* muſt *loath Her*;
What Naſtyneſs is there that can
Give ſuch Antipathy to Man?
As *the vile Relickts*, *Scent*, and *Savour*,
Of a proud Bitch, when the Dogs leave Her?
There's *a fine Haut Gout*, with *a Flavour*.
But ſay, they're *only Dogs together*,
You've *Something* then, *almoſt as clever*,
And *often* have you *Both together*.

See, here's fine Duty fine Beaus muſt do,
And what poor Husbands have to truſt to,
Snap at Dogs-Leavings with a Guſto;
While grimy, ſlimy *Lady's Lips,*
Smudge o'er *their Fools* their *naſty Tips*
Of Favour — (ay— a mighty one,
To get a Lick— when Dogs have done!)
Men that have got *ſo little Souls,*
As to be made *Girls Lap-Dogs Fools,*
Are indeed fitteſt for *their Tools;*
And, *Love Me, Love my Dog,* you know,
So now a Days *Girls Favours* go,
And, if you don't, e'en *ne'er write Beau:*
That, now *the fineſt Fop, in Town,*
Paſſes with Them but for *a Clown,*
Where *Lap-Dogs-Leavings* won't go down:
Nor granted *yet,*— but *when They pleaſe,*
After *due Whining* on *your Knees;*
(Alas!— *what Ladys Tricks are theſe?*)
What Inſtances They give, to prove
Their *Duty, Faithfulneſs* and *Love?*
Old Nick may have *ſuch Girls,* by *Jove:*

For

For *None but He* can find *the Pleaſure,*
Fine Ladys feel, in ſuch a Meaſure,
As to make *Dogs* and *Cats* their *Treaſure;*
But *He* that know's what Pleaſure *Witches*
Take *to leap Broomſticks over Ditches,*
In hearty working *Pacolet,*
Till *out of Breath* They *ſwimm in Sweat,*
May likewiſe know what 'tis *bewitche's*
Girls ſo to *Cats,* and *Dogs,* and *Bitches,*
As t' nurſe *their Litters,* with more Care,
Than their own Children, oft, by far;
Tho', be there e'er ſuch Pleaſure in't,
There's None, but where the Devil's in't:
And little leſs *prepoſt'rous,* can
Be *that Girl's Fancy,* that ſlight's *Man,*
To make of *Mongrel Currs,* and *Rovers,*
Her *Playmates, Favorites,* and *Lovers:*
Now, ſhou'd *This* make *ſome Ladys* ſwear,
As They can *fluently* we hear,
And *do*— with *an affected Air,*)
All the *moſt modiſh Oaths* They have,
Tho' e'er ſo ſpitefully They rave,)

With all their Wit, will only prove
Women Men-Haters— Foes to Love;
To Men *injurious*, and Themſelves;
Fit Company for *Whelps* and *Elves*:
E'en let *'em* go *lead Apes* in Hell,
And *Cats* and *Lap-Dogs*, if They will:
For (to ſpeak Truth, without Reſerve)
Such naughty Girls do not deſerve
A *Husband*, or a *Lover* either,
Or any Thing *that's Man*, and *clever*;
No, *nor one good Thing*, of Mankind,
Tho' th' Man be deaf, and dumb, and blind;
That will *his Sex ſo much abuſe*,
To make Him leap at the Refuſe
Of Cats and Lap-Dogs, with it's Flavor,
Yet call'd, forſooth, *Granting a Favour*;
And to convince Men of their Love:
(A monſtrous Favour this— by Jove!
Ladys, I'll leave you *all* to gueſs,
If Nature gave you Prettyneſs,
To ſcorn a noble Lover's Arms,
Yet— glut your Lap-Dogs with your Charms?

To Brutes be laviſh, 'gainſt all Sence,
Of Charms that wou'd revive a Prince:
A *Soldier's Trull,* an *Oyſter Wench,*
May play at *Put,* upon a Bench;
May *knock her Knuckles,* as ſhe pleaſe,
For *Pots of Beer,* and *Bread and Cheeſe;*
May *chalk,* and *lick her Thumbs* again,
And *play at All-Fours,* with a Man,
For White-Tape— (now we'll let you in
To th' Secret—) that's *a Dram of Ginn;*
(And 'tis well known ſhe's judg'd the clev'rer,
The more ſhe'll *cheat, and tope Jenever;*)
Yet, for all this, we all agree
'T 's a Scandal to Gentility,
To act as Bunters do;— and may;—
Only *as Wretches though,* e'en They:)
When drove by hard Neceſſity,
And want of all Friends,— to ſupply
The daily Cravings of their Natures;
(For tho' They oft' excell in Features,
Fortune ſeem's t' have forgot ſuch Creatures.)

If that's a Shame then, as Wee ſay,
Pray how much leſs is *this*— *to play*
At *higheſt*, *loweſt*, *Jack* and *Game*,
A Scandal to a noble Dame?
And, if it be?— *What muſt't be then,*
To play with Dogs inſtead of Men?
Great Ladys to be blow'd upon
By Whelps!— becauſe They are their own?
To be *by Puppys tuzzey-muzzy'd*,
What! Ladys *by Themſelves abuſed!*
To make a Whelp Aſſociate
To any Lord, tho' e'er ſo great;
Nay, give their Dogs the Preference,
To th' greateſt Men, o' th' greateſt Sence;
What filthy Hag has this infus'd
(To have fine Women more miſus'd?)
Into the Breaſts of Womankind,
To make 'em odious to Mankind,
And keep their Charms all undermin'd?
Did *Nature*, think you, *cut you out*,
To be by *Puppys* hall'd about?

Were

Were *Grace's ſnowy Breaſts*, deſign'd
For Kennels for the Four-Leg'd-Kind!
Cou'd I juſt now ſee *Lady-Fair*,
Herſelf— *and her Dog* wi' H'r, I ſwear,
(*For all his Diamonds*) I'd make known
How much his Ch'racter hurts Her own;
And thinking-Ladys will forbear
What need's muſt blot their Character;
For Prudence can as well be ſeen
In Women as in any Men;
And all the World will love that Woman,
That manage's with Sence uncommon;
Prudence and Vertue ever winn
The worthy'ſt Hearts among all Men;
And *Neatneſs, in a Woman, is*
The Reliſh of a wellcome Kiſs,
And mutually heighten's Bliſs;
While adventitious Naſtyneſs,
Muſt make Men *loath* what They poſſeſs,
And run aſtray;—— (where all may gueſs.)

Nay!

Nay, natural Infirmitys
Do, frequently, ſo much diſpleaſe,
That *plighted Troth is broke from Theſe.*
Shou'd *Women* then (as now a days —
They do, as 't were) *invent* new Ways,
To make Themſelves abominated?
And then complain (forſooth) *They're hated?*
Why, if They be— *and They're the Cauſe on't,*
They've but *their Due:*— (without a Pauze on't)
But, when They're *roguiſhly outwitted,*
And when They are *indeed ill-treated,*
'Gainſt Reaſon— They're *much to be pity'd.*
Yet how much is it *ſtill* the Faſhion,
To bubble true Love, with feign'd Paſſion?
To glory in that Impudence,
Where Perjury mock's Truth and Sence,
And, by falſe Vows, trick's Innocence?
We know there's Difference in Women,
That *ſome* love *all*, and *ſome* love *no Men;*
Yet *ſome* love faithfully, *as Doves,*
Conſtant, *as Turtles*, in their Loves;
And *Theſe* are *Girls deſerving Joves:*

Fit

Fit for *the very beſt* of Men;
(That match *true Love*, with *Love* again:)
Such ſcorn to let their Cats and Currs
With Lovers be Participers,
Of *Charms*, deſign'd by wiſe Dame Nature,
For *Man*;— (that noble glorious Creature)
Man! made for their Society,
To tranſmit to Poſterity,
Their pretty Selves, in Progeny:
As much, They'll ſcorn too, *all Intreagues*,
Attempted by *deſigning Rakes*,
That wou'd *debauch* their Principles,
And lead 'em to *all ſorts of Ills*:
For (*what e'er naughty Women do*,
Yet) *a good Girl ſhow's Herſelf ſo*:
Then, *dear delightful Ladys all*,
Think,— oh *think*, on— *Fair-Lady's-Fall*;
But, if you won't,— Lord help us all:
Forbear *ye Beautys*— oh! *forbear*,
Such Scandal to your Character!
And though *good Men*, indeed, *are rare*,
Ne'er dote *on Dogs*, while *good Men are*;

Can

Can you no *Doting-Pieces* find,
Better than 'mongſt the Four-Leg'd-Kind?
Beſtow *your Hearts*, and *Charms* upon
Some ſuitable deſerving Man:
Man!— that was made, to ſhare your Grief,
And bring you,— when you want— Relief;
To give you *Comfort* in your Pains,
And love you— *in harmonious Strains*:
Nay, Man Himſelf is not complete,
Before He has his own Helpmeet;
His Rib again, that Adam *loſt,*
When Woman was made at his Coſt)
(*Such* ſure *ſhou'd love each other* moſt.)
Shou'd there be then *Compariſon*
'Twixt Man and Dog?— there can be *none:*
But what wou'd *wound your Honours ſo,*
That Women ſoon wou'd loathſome grow;
That's *the plain Truth,*— All of you know:
Yet now— if *good Advice* be *loſt,*
And *Rantipolls you'll rule the Roſt,*
(Tho' by it *Love and Honour's loſt;*)

What *Remedy* can e'er prevent
So groſs a *Vice*, (as we preſent)
Leſs than an Act of P——t.
For *naughty Girls* ſo much *abound*,
That *ev'ry where* they're to be found,
Maids, *Wives*, and *Widows*, learn ſo faſt
Tricks of the Times— they're almoſt paſt
Advice— *and ſuttle as was Eve*,
That knew all Mankind to deceive;
For *Women* are more *keen* at *learning*
Tricks— than the *Men* are at *diſcerning*;
And cleverer— at the performing:
And *this the Serpent knew*— and *ſo*,
To tempt Eve— He let Adam go;
Well knowing what 'twas She cou'd do.)
Tho' *Men* indeed, (we can't but own)
As bad or worſe than Them are grown,
But if grown *worſe* they're not grown ſlyer,
Woman for Trick— No Man comes nigh Her,
The beſt Thing ſpoil'd— becomes the worſt,
And *deprav'd Woman*, is ſo curſt,
She'll have her Fling, tho' for't She burſt.

But yet— becauſe Wee're *All ſo bad*,
We need n't, *to grow worſe*— grow mad;
But *ſtrive* to mend *One Ev'ry One*,
(That's *th' only Way* to get it *done*,)
To be *as good*, *as e'er we can*,
That's what each Woman ought— and Man;—
(And you deny it—— if you can:)
Yet, ſo far off is *Reformation*,
Ill-Habits now are grown a Faſhion,
And are purſu'd with ſo much Paſſion,
That it's no mean Qualification,
To join i' th' Vices of the Nation,
But great Mark of gay Converſation;
And Men and Women almoſt ſtrive
Which ſhould be wickedeſt alive;
Yet They're ſo *ſubtle*, in their *Fetches*,
They outdo Men— in all their Stretches:
Some, when their *Husbands* have but *One Eye*,
Will *palm it up*;—to wink upon you:
And ſo vers'd in Coqueterie,
That their cheif Study's Flaterie,
And how to blend Chicanerie.

Yet are there *Others* of a Strain
Juſt *the Reverſe* of This again,
All Honour, Innocence, and Love,
(*And They're the Girls that I approve*;)
And *tho' great Raritys* They are,
As good Old Women, and Small Beer,
They're to be found in London-Town,
And in this Countrey— or in none.
Now— ſhou'd you know *Fair-Lady's Name,*
But She's ſo very great a Dame,
That, we conſider, 't can't be ſafe;
So 't's better let alone, by half:
But, do you find Her, *by Her Dog,*
And you'll ſoon hear *enough, to prog*
Scandal,— (of this ſort I've been telling;)
(*No other's known in Lady's Dwelling*)
Scandal enough,— to ſoon be able
To furniſh many a Tea-Table;
Inſtructing both your ſelf and others,
While lect'ring to Maids, Wives, and Mothers,
Widows, and Prudes— (ſpite of their Pothers.)

Now then (as Wee have found the End,
For which *this Dogrel* ha's been pen'd,
Let us conclude;— (as we intend;)
And let's let Any ſing or ſay,
That can find out a better Way,
Poor injur'd Mankind t' unbetray;
And duely honour Lady gay.

FINIS.

20 JY 65

POST

POSTSCRIPT.

AS *this Impreſſion's made in Haſt,*
If Blunders ſhou'd be found too faſt;
(We beg) *dear Criticks,*— don't be vext;
For they'll be *All cur'd in the next.*
And, where *the Preſs* may be in Fault,
(Remember pray) *the Author's not.*
Beſide— where's *Truth*— and *moral Meaning,*
Sure you'll give *fair Time*— *for Explaining.*

Ad Hoc

Agnoſco equidem Me *Lyram Apollinis* nunquam
(*niſi raptim*) tetigiſſe;
Mallem ſanè *confiteri veram Ignorantiam,*
Quam profiteri *vanam* Scientiam.

Cic.

There

20 JY 63

☞ THere is now in the Preſs, and will ſhortly be publiſh'd,

The Fidler's Fling at Roguery.

In ſeveral Cantos, to be ſucceſſively continu'd.

Plain Honeſty (we ſee's) run down,
While *rampant Roguery* 's let alone,
And *Villany* goe's jogging on.

20 JY 63